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KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, BUT TRUTH IS THE FOUNDATION OF KNOWLEDGE.

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The Bloomfield Record.

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An Unspoken Question.

I thought I must be dreaming,
The day you whispered low,
And told me the sweet secret
That I alone must know.

I listened quite in silence,
Perhaps you thought me cold;
My heart was overflowing
With tenderness untold.

Just for one fleeting moment,
One only, did you stay,
Were you and I both dreaming
That happy summer's day?

THE WIFE'S RETURN.

The snow lay heavy on the Hampshire
hills, and the cold moonlight, as it shi-

nered down in its mocking brilliance,
gave to the scene a weird, ghostly ap-

pearance. Everywhere, for miles around,
was an unbroken surface of white, and

the trees were so covered with the snow
that they stood like so many specters

stretching their wild arms in greeting to
the earth. Everything wore a look of

death, so cold, so still, that it was ap-

pealing. Over the hills wound the main road
from the town, now almost covered from

sight by the snow, and not far from it,
in the midst of grounds tastefully laid

out and kept with care, stood a comfort-

able farmhouse. It was the only cheer-

ing feature of the whole landscape, and
the lights from the windows streamed

out warmly into the cold, freezing night.

Inside, two persons were seated by a
bright fire in the cozy sitting-room. One

was a man not less than thirty—the
other, a woman, wrinkled and gray.

They were mother and son, and they
were very dear to each other. They were

silent. She sat with an expression of
holy calm on her face, and her eyes fixed

on the knitting she held in her hands,
but which she did not see, however, for

her mind was far away, years and years
back in the past.

The man sat with his eyes fixed on the
fire, his lips compressed firmly, and an

expression of exquisite pain on his face.
He, too, was thinking of the past, but

his thoughts were not so peaceful as
those of his companion. They were full

of suffering, for he was living over again
in memory the saddest hours of his life.

"It has been six years to-night,
mother, since I saw her," he said,

more as if speaking to himself than to
his mother.

"Saw whom?" she asked, as absently.

"Margaret!"

At that name the woman's face cloud-

ed, and she gazed at her son with a piti-

ing expression.

"Can't you forget her, Henry?" she
asked, softly.

"No, mother. She is always with
me in thought. I cannot forget her."

Then they grew silent again.

The woman of whom they spoke was
Henry Morgan's wife. He had married

when a very young man—he was just of
age—a woman two years older than him-

self and of a better position in life.
She was the daughter of a London trades-

man, and was wealthy and accomplished.
She was beautiful, and when she mar-

ried she loved her husband very dearly;
but not as he loved her. She was not so

unselfish as he, and he was not so
wretched as she. She was not so

necessary to his happiness. She was a
worldly woman and she loved the follies

and dissipation of the metropolis too
much to care to settle down into the

quiet of a country life. After a short
season of happiness with her husband,

she grew weary of the monotony of farm
life, and he, ever ready to gratify her

slightest wish, went back with her to
the town. There she commenced a

round of gaiety that soon rendered her
husband sick of the hollow life around

him and eager to go back to the peace
and quiet of his old home. But the lady

was not willing to leave, and, to please
her, he remained with her. Three

years passed on from bad to worse.
Matters went on from bad to worse.

At length a child was born, but it lived
only a few brief hours, and then went to

a better land. In the course of time
another came. It was a sweet, rosy girl,

the image of the mother, and Mr. Mor-

gan hoped that it would be a charm so
potent that his wife could not neglect it,

as she had him, for the frivolous world
she was moving in. His hope was not

realized. Mrs. Morgan loved her child,
but she loved admiration more, and she

neglected the first to gain the latter.
Her husband talked with her kindly and

tenderly, begging her to be true to her
duties as wife and mother, but to no

purpose. He was powerless to move
her. The old life was continued, and

the husband slowly came to think that
she cared for neither the child nor him.

At last a change came. Little Margie
grew pale and thin. The doctors said

that she might die at any moment.
Then, this came to her mother

from her habits, which had now grown
to be a second nature. She felt inca-

pable of making the effort to do better,
even had she been desirous of doing so.

One night she came home from a con-

cert. She had refused to stay at home,
though her husband had begged her to

do so, as Margie was worse. He met
her at the door, and there was something

so terrible in the sad gaze which he

greeted her, that she sprang to him in

"What is the matter?" she asked,
hurriedly.

He made no reply, but led her into
the chamber where he had spent in sor-

row the hours she had devoted to mirth
and pleasure. One glance told her all.

Little Margie lay on the bed with her
little hands folded on her breast, her

eyes closed, and a look of exquisite
peace upon her face. But it was only

the child's body that lay there, for her
soul was far away in the better land.

"When did she die?" asked the
mother, faintly, the sense of her guilti-

ness rushing over her with fearful
force.

"When you were at the concert," he
replied, coldly.

She sunk into a chair and covered her
face with her hands. Her husband gazed

at her pityingly for a moment. Then
his face grew stern and hard.

"Margaret," he said—and his voice
was so cold she looked up in astonish-

ment—"this child's death breaks the
last bond between us. You have long

ago convinced me that I was not neces-

sary to your happiness, and whatever
love I once bore you will be laid with

this little one in my grave. Tomorrow
I go back to my home. I shall take my

child's body with me. As you neglect-

ed her in life, you will not care for her
now that she is dead. I suppose you

will never meet me again. You will not
miss me, and I shall not care to force

my presence upon you."

There was no passion, no wrath in his
tones. His manner was so calm and

his voice so cold and icy that the guilty
woman felt that all between them was

indeed at an end. As he finished speak-

ing he turned and left the room. He
did not see the white, anguished face

that he turned to him, nor hear the low
cry of agony with which she imploded

him to come back.

An hour later the servants found her
lying senseless. The swoon was follow-

ed by a long attack of fever, and when
the unhappy woman woke to conscious-

ness she found herself alone. Her hus-

band had kept his word, and all between
them was ended. Her punishment had

come upon her at last, and it was great-

er than she could bear. At first she
thought she would go back and implore

her husband's forgiveness; but her
false pride drove her from this course,

and when her husband next heard of her
she had gone off to the continent with

her too indulgent father and a party of
friends. He thought her heartless, but

he did not know that she had gone to
try to kill the fearful sorrow that was

tearing her soul.

When Mr. Morgan left her he thought
his love for her was dead. But he little

knew his own heart, and soon found
that he had never loved her so well as

now. Yet he would make no overtures
to a reconciliation. The advance must

come from her, he said, not knowing
how gladly she would have made it, had

she believed there was the slightest
hope he could think her penitent, and

take her back to his heart again.

So six years passed away—six years of
suffering to both. Now on this evening

Henry Morgan sat gazing into the fire,
thinking of the woman whom he loved

so well, and whom he believed to be
lost to him.

Suddenly Mrs. Morgan started and
listened intently.

"Did you hear anything, Henry?"
she asked, seriously.

"Nothing, mother," he replied, ab-

solutely.

"I am sure I heard a sound, like some
one sobbing," she said, "and it seemed

to be outside of that window."

"It was your fancy, mother," he
said, with a sad smile.

But as he spoke the sound was heard
again, this time too plain to be doubted;

and it came from without the low win-

dow which opened on the lawn. Mr.
Morgan rose hastily, and walked to the

window. The moonlight showed him a
woman lying in the snow beneath the

window. She was still and motionless,
and the sobbing had ceased. He threw

up the sash and sprang out. Lifting the
woman in his arms, he turned to carry

her into the house. As he did so, the
moonlight fell on her features, and he

staggered, as if he had received a sud-

den blow. He bore her quickly into the
warm room.

"Oh, mother," he cried, in a trem-

bling voice, "she has come back."

Then he laid her gently on the low
couch in the room, and sinking into a

chair, covered his face with his hands,
while his mother busied herself in try-

ing to restore the unconscious woman.

It was indeed Margaret Morgan, and
she had come back to risk everything

upon an effort to regain her place in her
husband's heart. She was still very

weak, but her face had deep marks

of care and suffering in it. At last she
opened her eyes, and looking around,

an expression of deep sadness on her
features.

"I've been very unhappy, mother,"
she said. "I don't blame Henry for

leaving me, for I was a wicked woman.
But I loved him very much—I never

knew how much until he left me. Then
I found that I loved him more than life

itself. But it was too late, then, mother.
I had destroyed his love for me. It was

very hard; but I knew my punishment
was just. For six years I have borne it,

but it has nearly broken my heart. To-
day I could bear it no longer, and I

came here. I left the train at the sta-

tion, and walked here through the snow.
When I tried to come in, my courage

failed me, and I fell on the snow where
you found me. I have come back, mother,

to ask my husband's forgiveness.
I have no excuse for my unfor-

given conduct. I sinned, but I have
suffered for it. I have come back to say

this to my husband, and ask his for-

giveness and love. I cannot live with-

out them. Do you think, mother, he
will forgive me, and love me once more?"

"Always, and forever, darling."

It was the voice, not the words,
that thrilled her. With a glad cry she

uncovered her eyes, and saw bending over
her the face of her husband. He gazed

at her long and tenderly, but neither
spoke. Then he bent down and kissed

her softly, and Margaret knew that she
was forgiven, and that her husband's

love was hers once more.

At the Centennial.

Though it was originally intended to
exhibit six hundred pictures in the Aus-

trian art section, the purpose now is to
select but two hundred of the best of-

fered. There will be forty pieces of
statuary. The representation of Aus-

trian industries will be strongest in man-

ufactures displaying artistic taste, such
as glassware, jewelry, leather goods,

bronzes, meerschaums, amber, mother-
of-pearl and tortoise shell ornaments,

photograph albums, etc. There will also
be good displays of silk, cotton and

woolen fabrics, buttons and musical in-

struments.

A circular turret of wood has been
constructed close by the government

building. It represents the turret of a
monitor, and is twenty-four feet in di-

ameter, with a thickness of twelve
inches in the wood. Above it is the

pilot box, and inside, with their muzzles
protruding through the portholes, are

seven fifteen-inch guns. The whole
will illustrate the manner of working

the famous turret.

Assurance is given that the vast mi-

neral wealth of Nevada will be completely
and thoroughly represented at the ex-

hibition. A location has been secured
near the grounds for the erection of a

quartz mill, with the stamps, amalgamat-

ing pan and all the machinery required
for the extraction of the precious metals

from the rough quartz. It is in the de-